

"THE ARGONAUT."

[Dirge on the loss of Dr. Lunn's famous Steam Yacht, beloved by schoolmasters.]

TOLL for the gallant ship just gone below,
And with your salt tears swell the briny main;
Yea, let the universal chest heave—ho
To think that she will never float again;
Never, in charge of her respected skipper,
Carry to Isles of Greece the cultured tripper.

What high and hallowed memories haunt her sleep!
Visions of poets rampant on the poop,
Rehearsing HOMER's views about the deep,
Or flinging off at some enchanted group
A lyric wail inspired by southern waters,
Yet not unfit for clerics' wives and daughters;—

Visions of scholars, steeped in antic lore,
Who, in return for food and passage free,
Played showman to the panoramic shore
Or else located legends of the sea—
The spot where Bacchus found the lady stranded,
Or Aphrodite left the foam and landed;—

Visions of spinsters, dumped in Greekish ports,
Consulting guide-books on the glorious age
When good old PINDAR boomed the Olympian sports
And SOPHOCLES repaired the Attic stage;
While ushers pointed out that trams and steamers
Were still unknown to these delightful dreamers.

Yet, though we mourn the fair ship's dolorous fate,
She might have ended worse; she might have sunk,
Some night of winter, with her homing freight
Of pedagogues, wrapt each within his bunk,
Wasting the local tips that they'd collected
And leaving many a schoolboy much dejected.

Nor you, O Doctor, count yourself undone;
She was insured, I hear; and soon you'll build
A second Argonaut to sally, LUNN,
On the old trail with all her cabins filled,
And, ere her educative mission ceases,
Carpet your nest with further Golden Fleeces.

O. S.

A PUNCH EXHIBITION.

This is to give notice that *Mr. Punch* proposes, early in next year, to make an unparalleled Exhibition of himself. He therefore begs to invite all his friends who possess any desirable memorials of his career—from its inception in 1841 to the present day—to be kind enough to make him a temporary loan of them.

This is the class of thing he wants:—

- (1) Original drawings by *Mr. Punch's* artists, especially those whose work is over.
- (2) Prints, lithographs, coloured plates, etc., from pictures by *Mr. Punch's* artists.
- (3) Documents and autograph letters relating to *Mr. Punch*.
- (4) Manuscripts of *Mr. Punch's* articles.
- (5) Objects of interest that have been in the possession of *Mr. Punch's* men.

The above will be very gratefully received, cared for, and eventually returned by MESSRS. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

PERCY'S LAST VISIT.

ABOUT the middle of July the weather suddenly turned wet and chilly. I had not seen PERCY for some days, and was feeling considerable anxiety about him, when he suddenly appeared one morning at my window, which was fortunately open. But on this occasion he did not fly in—he crawled over the sill, and had to wait there some time before he could muster up sufficient strength to wing his way on to my breakfast-table. I was greatly shocked by the change in him; it was difficult to recognise the trim and debonair drone he had once been in the abject dishevelled creature that clung trembling to the toast-rack. "I'm done for, dear boy," he said, with a pitiable effort to preserve his former jauntiness. "These infernal old judies have put me in the cart this time! Only looked in to say good-bye and that."

I said I hoped things weren't so bad as he seemed to think, that "while there was life," etc.; but even as I said the words I felt how horribly banal they must sound.

"Wait till you've heard!" he said; he was too unnerved to say more just then. "There's been a good deal goin' on lately," he began at last, "which struck me as rum, though I didn't think much of it at the time. They've been doosid stingy with the bee-milk for one thing, and cut me off my nectar altogether. I made complaints of course—but nothing came of it. Then, the other day I found MATILDA and URSULA and some others haulin' the little nipper-drones out of their cells before they were half hatched, and pitchin' 'em over the terrace! 'Why the dooce can't you let the poor little beggars alone?' I said. 'What harm have they ever done you?'"

"There's hard times comin'," said MATILDA, "and the fewer mouths to feed the better."

"Well, I saw there was some sense in that—but it was the sort of way she said it that gave me cold chills. However, that soon passed off. But this mornin'—(he could not continue for a moment)—"this mornin' I was snoozin' comfortably in a corner when I was awoke by a most fearful shindy. So I tumbled out to see what was happenin'. And a pleasant sight it was when I did see it! BERTIE rushed past me, sprintin' for all he was worth, with MATILDA after him, full cry. Next came MARTHA cheyvin' ALGIE, and PRISCILLA leggin' it after ARCHIE, while that beast MARIA had got poor old GUS by the hind-leg with her great heavy jaws. And no *rompin'* about it, mind you—they meant *business*! I could see that every one of the poor dear chaps was green with funk. Then I saw RHODA comin' along with every feather on her back bristlin', evidently makin' for me. I didn't wait for her. Over and under the combs we went, and round and round—till by good luck I saw a heap of late pollen they'd forgotten to store, and dodged behind it. RHODA ran on, thinkin' I was ahead, and as soon as she'd turned the corner I made a bolt for the gates. It wasn't much of a chance, for I knew it was old EMILY's turn to be on guard, and she'd be safe to spot me before I could slip through. She did right enough—but she let me pass, only tellin' me to take care I didn't come back. She ain't such a bad old sort. After I'd got out I hung about, waitin' to see how the other fellows got on; and presently out they all came tumblin' in couples—MATILDA hangin' on to BERTIE, MARTHA scufflin' with ALGIE, and MARIA clawin' poor old GUS, till they jockeyed 'em up to the edge of the terrace—and what do you think they did next? Gnawed off one of each of those poor chaps'!"



A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

1415—1908:

HALDANE. "O THAT WE NOW HAD HERE
BUT ONE TEN THOUSAND OF THOSE MEN IN ENGLAND
THAT DO NO WORK TO-DAY!"—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.

[Mr. Haldane has conceived the admirable idea of recruiting his Army Reserve this winter from the ranks of the unemployed.]



THE LANCET COMPANY
LONDON

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He (impulsively). "DARLING, I RATHER THOUGHT OF KISSING YOU!"

She. "HOW DARE YOU? WHEN YOU KNOW I CAN'T SCREAM WITH SO MANY PEOPLE ABOUT!"

wings close to the root, so that they'll never fly any more, and bundled 'em all over, neck and crop, to starve! Last thing I saw was old Gus flounderin' on his back in the grass, tryin' to make out what it was all about. Poor dear old Gus—he wasn't over bright—but one of the best! And by this time I expect they've served every blessed drone in the city the same way. After all their talk about 'the good of the State,' too! Perfectly rotten, I call it. I tell you what it is, my boy, if we'd only kept these Bee-women in their place, instead of lettin' 'em have everything their own way, they'd never have got above 'emselves as they have! But there," he concluded dismally, "it's too late to think of that now. The question is, What's goin' to become of Me?"

"Why not stay here, PERCY?" I suggested. "I can put you up. There ought to be enough for both of us."

He turned a lack-lustre eye on me. "What's the good of talkin' rot like that, dear fellow?" he said. "I can't eat the sort of stuff you do. I want bee-milk, and chyle, and lots of it, if I'm to keep fit. Besides, as I've told you already, I've never been taught to feed myself. I'm entirely dependent on those confounded girls. Which reminds me I came away without my breakfast this mornin', and I'm feelin' uncommon peckish. I shall have to be gettin' back to 'em soon. And yet if I do, they'll nip my wing off and kick me out as soon as look at me. It's the dooce and all of a hat to be in!"

It did seem to be a particularly unpleasant kind of hat. I could only express my profoundest sympathy. But gradually he trimmed and pulled himself into a

somewhat less despondent state. "I'll go home and chance it," he said. "I might manage to get round old EMILY. If I could only get 'em to give me one last blow-out of bee-milk before they gnawed my wing off, it would be something to go on with. Well, old fellow, I'm afraid I'm not very likely to run up against you again, so I'll say 'Good-bye.'" And he flew out, humming with a light-heartedness that was too obviously assumed.

I saw him off, with a sad foreboding that it would be his very last flight in this world.

My foreboding proved, I am happy to say, to be unfounded. Two or three mornings later I was equally surprised and delighted on coming down to breakfast to find PERCY waiting for me on the top of a loaf. "Come round to tell you I was in clover again," he said. "Thought you might like to know." And after my landlady had brought in my bacon and eggs, he proceeded to relate his experiences. "I got back to the hive the other mornin'," he said, "feelin' as limp as a last year's cocoon—didn't think I had an earthly! But instead of tearing off my wing and givin' me the chuck, they all came rushin' out to welcome me! 'It's PERCY!' they cried. 'Oh, PERCY, we were afraid you'd deserted us for ever!' And I'm blest if RHODA didn't fling her forelegs round my neck! 'When I left,' I said, 'I didn't notice that any of you were exactly pressin' me to stay.' At that they all started apologisein' and explainin'. It appears they'd sacked all of us they could get hold of because they'd got nervous about there not bein' enough stores to go round.

Then they'd found they'd miscalculated somehow; there was plenty of food for everybody, and later on the State might come to grief for want of the very drones they'd been in such a hurry to get rid of! Another of their confounded silly mistakes! But it gave me my chance. 'All I came back for,' I said, 'was to tell you girls that, after the disgustin' ingratitude you've treated me with, I've made up my mind to cut the whole concern, and share diggin's with a Human Man pal of mine who knows how to appreciate me!'

"They said if I'd only stay, they'd agree to any conditions I liked. First thing I insisted on was that old Gus and the others should receive out-door relief for the rest of their lives. It was the best I could do for the poor dear chaps. And the old girls are all as meek as maggots now—do everything I tell 'em to. I'm Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, and no end of a pot! I make the hive fairly hum, for they know I won't stand any slackin'. And they like it, my boy. They've found out at last that they get on twice as well when there's a Man to manage 'em! There's some talk of makin' me Prime Minister, and of course if it comes off you mustn't expect to see any more of me. Doosid responsible business, bein' Prime Minister. So p'raps you'd better take this as a partin' visit. Good-bye, dear old chap; pleased to have met you and that!"

PERCY never came to see me again after that, so possibly he really was made Prime Minister. In any case I feel no further anxiety about him, as he is clearly able to take extremely good care of himself.

F. A.

THE END.

DISCURSIONS.

THE DINNER PARTY.

SCENE—The Library of a Country House at 5.15 p.m. on an Autumn afternoon. Tea is just over. He is about to light a cigarette. She is still sitting in her presidential position at the tea table.

He. But what's the point of having a dinner? Why have we got to give one? What's the use—

She (scornfully). Don't be a base utilitarian. There's no use in a cigarette, but you're going to have one.

He. I am, if I can make one of your matches burn.

[He strikes a wax match viciously. The top drops off alight and settles on his thumb.

He (shaking the injured part violently). Ow! Ow! Why will you have these rotten matches? I haven't got a limb on my body which isn't burnt to a cinder through this new mania of yours for cheap matches. (He sucks his thumb vigorously.)

She (laughing heartily). Oh, my dear CHARLES, if you could see yourself now!

He. That's right; laugh away. I suppose if you saw me blazing all over you'd think it the best joke in the world. (Continues sucking.)

She (seriously). Certainly not, CHARLES. I should be very, very sorry. I should run very fast for the extinguisher, and I should do my best—yes, CHARLES, my very best—to put you out. How can you be so cruel as to doubt me? (Turns her head away, sniffs, and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.)

He (laughing uneasily). Oh, don't let's have any more nonsense. About this dinner, now. What day did you—

She. Never mind about the dinner. I see it worries you, and I'm not sure it doesn't worry me. Let's give it up.

He. I don't see why—

She. No, CHARLES, we'll give it up. I wanted to tell you about baby. He was so sweet just now. He had got his feet entangled in his frock, and nurse was trying to arrange him, and he turned quite red with rage and hit her on the head—

He (admiringly). The little rascal!

She (continuing). And then he opened his little arms to her and smiled like an angel, and wouldn't be satisfied until she'd kissed him. I often wonder where that child gets his sweet disposition from.

He (gallantly). I don't.

She. Well, perhaps it is so. Your mother told me you had charming ways as a child.

He. But about this dinner. I daresay we'd better get it over.

She. Just as you like, of course. There's really no absolute necessity, but perhaps— (She pauses.)

He. What were you going to say?

She. I thought perhaps a little hospitality of that sort might be expected of us.

He. I daresay you're right. Let's—

She. But mind, CHARLES, I don't want the dinner. In fact, I shall be happier without it, but if you think we ought to, of course I'll do my best.

He (cheerfully). All right. You can put it on me. I'll carry the burden. What date?

She (with alacrity). Tuesday the 20th.

He. Right. (Enters it in a little red pocket-book.) Whom shall we ask?

She (diffidently). We ought to have the LAMPETERS, I suppose, and the BOWLES-DICKSONS, and the COLINGWOODS.

He (airily). Why not the DORLEYS?

She. The DORLEYS! Of course, if you want paint and powder, Mrs. DORLEY's the one.

He. Oh, come, she's not as bad as all that. I thought she'd cheer it up a bit, that's all.

She. Yes, she's just the sort of woman that twists all you men round her little finger. You're all as blind as a bat, and you're the battiest of the lot.

He (with a suspicion of jaunty devilry). Didst think me blind, when—

She. A lucid interval. No, CHARLES, I was the blind one then. However, have your DORLEYS. Only, if you do, I'll have Captain OKES and his sister.

He (loudly). No, no.

She (insistently). Yes, yes. Captain OKES has a bold, free, irresistible way with him, and even if MARY OKES has turned forty she's a pattern of all the girlish virtues.

He. Let's toss.

She. Right. (He produces a coin and tosses.)

She. Heads!

He. Tails it is. (He pauses.) I choose the OKESSES.

She (loudly aside). He has a noble heart after all. (To him). You shall have the DORLEYS, too. It shall never be said—

He. I don't want the DORLEYS now.

She. And I don't want the OKESSES.

He (resignedly). Let's have the lot.

She. All right. That makes twelve with ourselves. Now come up and see baby.

He. But hadn't you better get the invitations off? There's not too much time left, you know.

She (with sweetness and dignity). My dear CHARLES, what do you take me for? I sent all the invitations out yesterday.

He. Well, I'm—

(Curtain.)

OUT OF TRAINING.

[A Penalty of the Vacation.]

ALAS for days sublimely slack,
Of lounging over gorse-clad acres,
Of flogging with relentless smack
The burn that could not hit me back,
Of idling with the breakers!

Of links that hardly let me go,
Of earth and sky's voluptuous
kisses,
Of hanging on by tooth and toe
To mountain-crag, with views below
Of bottomless abysses.

They had their charm, those hours of
ease,

In spots unspoilt by urban bustle;
But oh, the wild regret for knees
So soon deprived, on moors and seas,
Of town-engendered muscle!

With helpless limbs again I face
The strife that turns the heart-
blood chilly,

Re-enter for the Vanguard chase,
And try to hit the spanking pace
For crossing Piccadilly.

I fear the elemental roar
That issues from the Strand's ap-
proaches,

And, cleaving to its strap once more,
My unaccustomed arm grows sore
In restive railway coaches.

Oh, interlude of heath and brine,
That all my hard-won thews re-
laxes!

Where are those District-legs of mine?
When shall I reassert my fine
Unflinching nerve with taxis?

A NEW LINE IN ADVERTISE-
MENTS.

["For to admire an' for to see, for to be'old
the world so wide, it never done no good to
me, but I can't drop it if I tried.—Able;
Colonial experience; straight record. POSITION
WANTED."—*Advt. in a morning paper.*]

This application of verse to the
"small ad." suggests possibilities:—

"Tiger, tiger, shining bright." Dis-
engaged through master giving up
trap for motor. Seven years present
place.

"Kind hearts are more than coro-
nets." Nobleman's valet desires
change with greater liberty.

"I must learn Spanish one of these
days." Young gentleman about to
proceed to South America requires
lessons in local vernacular. State
terms.

"Learn to labour and to wait."
Having learnt latter in good provincial
club, advertiser desires sit. in London
ditto.



Small Boy (whose father is very bald, to Nurse, who is vigorously brushing his hair).
"I SAY, WHEN SHALL I BE OLD ENOUGH TO LEAVE OFF HAIR?"

"There is none like her, none." General, 25, cook, wash, iron, bake, wait at table, attend children, darn and mend.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew." Wanted, someone to take care of it, also pony.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Does not describe advertiser, who is eager to find work. Under-gardener or handy man; 20.

"Yearning for the large excitement that the future years would yield." Advertiser seeks sit. Draper's bargain counter preferred.

"Rejoice that man is hurled from change to change unceasingly." Parlourmaid seeks new sit.

"Maud is not seventeen but she is tall and stately." Same here. Experienced housemaid-waitress. Suitable for bachelor household.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken; or like stout Cortez." If you do not want to feel like stout Cortez write for our pamphlet of figure-reducing exercises.

"Several cars were having round Hilberry corner at a speed which as one of the Vinots with its carburettor and a S.C.A.T., which had water in the petrol"—*The Liverpool Echo*.

Obviously a very serious accident.

NEW NAME FOR HABITUÉS OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—*The Repetors*.

WILLIAM'S WORD.

I DON'T go in for Anagrams myself, but WILLIAM did once, and he has told me all about it, and what very hard luck he had not to win a prize.

WILLIAM's word was *Anti-bilious*; and the anagram he made from it was "*Better, Oswald?—Much, Sadie*," or something like that. I don't say that that was the actual sentence, but it was certainly the idea. There were a lot of Christian names in it which nobody is ever called, and a distinct impression that you were getting too many letters for your money. Of course the word may not have been *anti-bilious* after all—in fact, I am pretty sure now that it wasn't—but it was quite that sort of word, and that is as near as we can go. Anyhow we may be certain that the whole thing was extremely clever of WILLIAM, and that he had the two hundred pounds absolutely safe.

Tactics was the name of the paper, and WILLIAM bought a copy next day. When he had signed his name and written down his anagram, he made an unfortunate discovery. The word had to be taken from pages 203, 204, 205, 206, and 207 of that number. WILLIAM, rather anxious now, turned to page 203, and found that it was the beginning of an exciting story of Spanish life. With an eagerness which would have made the author blush with pride could he have seen it, WILLIAM read that story through. He paid particular attention to the doings of the heroine because (as he said) you never know what a Spanish lady is going to do next. But though the Señorita was sometimes fierce as a tiger, sometimes caressing as a dove, and sometimes one of the animals in between, she was never once *anti-bilious* as anything.

The story went on to page 207, at the bottom of which, to his extreme disgust, WILLIAM read the words "*Another of this series next week*." Next week, as he had feared, the same pages were chosen (the editor was evidently determined that his stories should be read *somehow*), and WILLIAM once again chased the Señorita through five pages. There was a moment on the fourth page when she staggered back, put her hand to her brow, and wailed in a voice of indescribable emotion, "My head, TERESA, ah! my poor head." WILLIAM was longing to jump forward and say, "Excuse me, madam, but have you tried these *anti*—" only TERESA was too quick for him. "*Mañana, sancho panza; buenos ayres*," she

said, and led her mistress into the fresh air.

This went on for a month. At the end of that time WILLIAM was in a desperate state. He calculated that the author had used every word in the English language except "*anti-bilious*" (which would be held by any decent editor to give it the required standing for an Anagram), and confessed reluctantly that Spanish life was more healthy than people thought. And he came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to write the next *Tactics* story himself.

Authors will tell you that the beginning of a story is the most difficult part; there are, moreover, proverbs in several languages to that effect. WILLIAM's trouble was quite otherwise. He began easily and at once:

"*Anti-bilious*," said the Colonel as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment.

That was his opening, for he was taking no risks; the difficulty was to go on. WILLIAM was, and indeed is, a stockbroker; fiction—save for one slight effort about OSWALD and SADIE—had never been in his line. A strenuous week at it now made him more sure than ever that he was right to have become a stockbroker.

Now WILLIAM was a man of resource—as I gather stockbrokers have to be. One chance was left to him. He called upon a journalist friend of his.

"Hullo," he said, "I've come out of business. An editor man I know wants a short story from you. Have you got one? I said I'd see you about it."

"How much?" said the journalist.

"Twenty pounds," said WILLIAM hurriedly, "and I'll pay you now."

"Done," said his friend, and got up to rummage in his desk. "There, take it away. I'm sick of it."

"It isn't about Spanish life by any chance?" asked WILLIAM nervously.

"No. Why?"

"Er—well, it's— Fact is, I don't think the editor's very keen about Spanish life. Can't say why. Just a fancy of his. Hullo, this looks a bit short—just about five lines short, I should say. Well, we can easily stick five lines in somewhere. Here's your cheque. Many thanks."

WILLIAM went back to his office and wrote in five lines at the beginning:—

"*Anti-bilious*," said the Colonel, as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment. Then he told me the following story.

He had it typed, and forwarded it to the editor of *Tactics*, pointing out that he (WILLIAM) owned the copyright and would take the brass.

I must bring this sad history to a close as quickly as I can. There came a day when the Colonel's story appeared. (There was another day later on when WILLIAM only received three guineas for it, but we cannot bother about that now.) Of course the Spanish stories had been read to the end by this time, and apparently that was all the editor cared about. This week the Anagram word had to be chosen from the City Notes. In a way it was a compliment to WILLIAM's judgment in selecting stories; as much as to say that anyone would read a tale submitted by him, without the incitement of an anagram; but he wouldn't see it in this light. He was quite angry; and he went out at once to try and persuade his journalist friend to return some of the twenty pounds. On the way he noticed a poster of *Imitations* which called attention to the fact that an Anagram competition was proceeding within. In the faint hope that "*anti-bilious*" might have strayed into their story too he bought a copy. . . .

He was really *very* angry. It seems that for the *Imitations* competition you are not limited to certain pages. You may select any word in the language that you like. Of course, then, any time the last six weeks he might have sent up his *anti-bil*—

As I say, I can quite understand his being angry. For a word in the list of winning Anagrams of the week before caught his eye. It would have caught his eye anywhere by now:—

Anti-bilious: "*Better, Oswald?—Much, Sadie*" (or whatever the wretched thing was).

The word WILLIAM used when he read this was useless for Anagram purposes. On the other hand I cannot help feeling that it would have come quite easily into a story of Spanish life.

A. A. M.

A writer on Hockey begins an article in a contemporary as follows:

"It is a fact, but nevertheless essentially true. . . ."

We forbear to give the name of the paper which has bred in him this cautious spirit.

"V. B., it was alleged, did twenty-five miles in one hour over the measured quarter of a mile."—*Daily Mail*.

And at the end of it they went and fined him!

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

[An Ohio policeman had to arrest an alligator last week. It happened at the time to be following an intoxicated pedestrian.]

ROBERT, I envy not

Thy lot!

When chill the night and polar,
And thou art whistled to thy work
To probe my garden's inky murk
Lest haply some slim burglar lurk
Behind the ghost-like roller;
And when thou rushest in where I
Tremble to tread lest bullets fly,
Then, Robert, as I watch thee go
I marvel? Yes!—I envy? No!

Nor, Robert, would I choose

Thy shoes

When Suffragettes will fight thee,
And thy coercive arm must quell
The lawless wrath of CHRISTABEL
And all those Amazons who swell
The swarms that scratch and bite
thee.

Yet though, when all is said and
done,

Thy lot is not a happy one,
Believe me, thou art blest beyond
Thy luckless peers across the Pond.

If oak and brass be bound
Around

The length of thy equator,
What adamant canst thou suggest
Must gird the hero's dauntless breast
Who may be summoned to arrest
A scaly alligator?

No Suffragette has such a jaw
To scare the guardians of the law,
Nor such a long and moving tale
To make them tremble and turn pale.

It makes my heart grow queer
To hear

The tasks they may be brought to,
If they must seize each fearsome
beast

That hunts, with fury still increased,
Convivial gentlemen who feast

More freely than they ought to.
Ah! if 'tis difficult to snare
An alligator which is there,
How much more hard his hapless lot
Who has to capture one that's not!

TRUE DIFFIDENCE.

["The Duke of the Abruzzi, now that the naval manoeuvres are over, will shortly leave for America, where his marriage with Miss Elkins will take place in November.

"Although the Duke does not wish the wedding to be accompanied by much ceremonial, he will, on his return to Italy with his bride, be escorted by several Italian warships."

Reuter.]

THE great BOSTOCK, on the completion of his engagement at Earl's Court, will, it is said, deliver a



THE "EMPIRE" STYLE IN SUFFOLK.

THANKS TO OUR FASHION PAPERS, EVEN THE HUMBLEST CLASSES ARE ENABLED TO IMITATE THE MODES OF MAYFAIR.

For the Home.

A Scots contemporary kindly explains how "to keep butter cool in hot water." For the moment we cannot think of any situation which would call urgently for a solution of this problem, but if ever the emergency should arise it would be our duty to inform our readers that the contemporary in question is *The Oban Times*.

The Daily Telegraph on the police arrangements at the Licensing Demonstration:—

"Half of them were told off to line the great thoroughfares... a third of them were stationed in the park itself, and the remaining third were ordered to various important points to meet the various processions."

This is known in the trade as "half-and-half."



PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD: A STUDY FROM LIFE.

"MOTORISTS MUST LEARN THAT OTHER PEOPLE BESIDE THEMSELVES HAVE A RIGHT TO THE ROAD."—*Antimotoring Press.*

STRANGE INNOVATION.

HEAVILY DRESSED ETHICAL DANCER.

YET another intellectual dancer of world-wide repute is to make her appearance in London shortly in the person of Miss VASHTI ST. VITUS, a young American of Semitic origin and extraordinary command of the moralising influences of corybantic undulation.

It should be noted at once that there is a vast difference between Miss ST. VITUS's method and that of Miss MAUD CUNARD or Miss MUSIDORA BUNCOMBE. As might be expected from her name, it is at once more strenuous and more saintly—more in keeping with the best Bollandist traditions. Miss ST. VITUS never wears less than three skirts, five petticoats, and four pairs of stockings; and she usually dons goloshes over her shoes. There is naturally very little play of the feet about her dancing, but especial emphasis is laid upon facial expression, *frou-frou*, and vortical convolution of the drapery in accordance with the theory of the late Lord KELVIN. The main aim of her performance, it cannot be too insistently asserted, is to inculcate ascetic Altruism on the lines of the strictest Pragmatism.

Miss ST. VITUS—who, in the chaste phrase of *The Daily Chronicle*, is a most charmingly-lissom, fresh, lively, practical and thoroughly American young person—contends that it was *she* who first invented the vermiform arm-wriggle which is one of Miss MAUD CUNARD's most applauded achievements. "I introduced it at Boston," she said, "long before even Miss MUSIDORA BUNCOMBE came out. As a matter of fact, I started my ethical and pragmatic dancing—in a previous incarnation, of course—just about the time that TAGLIONI first made her appearance in London." This settles the question of priority once and for all.

"There's just one thing," said Miss ST. VITUS in an interview with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, "that I want to say slick out. My dances are in no way connected with the prevalent cult of Apolaustic Hedonism. They are just the real expressions of the soul, and a white soul at that. Other dancers may appeal to Cabinet Ministers and the Smart Set, but I aim at doing a stunt on the great Puritan Heart of the British public. No dancer since the world began ever wore so many clothes as I do. Why, one of my

dances is called 'The Dance of the Nineteen Petticoats'!

"Then I'm a Theosophist as well; and that of course gives me a far wider spiritual outlook. At the Congress at Oxford the other day I gave illustrations to one of the lectures representing a Hindoo saint practising emotional exercises in the solitude of the jungle. I tell you Oxford is still humming with it, and the Headmaster of Eton has invited me to cavort on the ethical platform before the school twice a week for the rest of the term. To-morrow I give them the Stoical Sand-dance, and next Tuesday, with ten of my best pupils, I am going to show them the Angel Cake-walk and the Self-denying Tarantella, which typifies the liberation of the soul from a sordid craving for jam-puffs."

Making the Frenchman at Home.

On a box of advertisements in the Machinery Hall at the Exhibition:—
"AIDEZ-VOUS."

"The course is marked out by three turning posts forming a triangle, of which the sides are 1,000, 700, and 300 metres respectively."

The Times.

Poor old Euclid! He has had a good run, but the boom in his books couldn't last for ever.



BULGARIAN PRECOCITY.

GAME COCK. "NOW'S MY CHANCE, WHILE HE'S NICE AND YOUNG?"
DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE. "I THINK I OUGHT TO GET SOME PICKINGS OUT OF THIS."

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A MATTER OF OPINION.

Stalker (to Sportaman, tottering on the edge of space). "YE'D BETTER TAK THE SHOT, OR MAYBE THEY'LL BE MOVIN'! YE'RE IN A GRAND POSEITION NOO."

MORE MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

How these ghostly communications came into *Mr. Punch's* hands he does not intend to say; but here they are. The *lacunae* are the result of defective sympathy, inevitable but much to be regretted. The conjectures as to the meaning of mysterious initials are *Mr. Punch's* own; so are the translations from foreign tongues.

FROM MARLOWE AND WEBSTER.

Tell that good man SWINBURNE to go on. We like it here. Trowel-work for us; and the butter can't be too thick.

FROM EURIPIDES.

BROWNING's the man for me. I would rather read AL[GERNON] ASH[TON] than AL[GERNON] of the P[INES]. 'Orotoroī ποροί δα.

FROM JAMES BOSWELL.

The Lichfield statue is very gratifying. I waive the Nonconformists' patronage. Rather amusing to see PERCY [? FITZGERALD] coming in for praise after so many years of the other thing.

FROM ARCANGELO CORELLI.

SCHUMANN tells me that he wrote

Novelettes, but none of *my* family ever did that I know of. Anyhow, so long as she writes in English, it makes no difference to me.

FROM CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The news of yet another book about us by C K S [? Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, the eminent critic and BRONTË expert] is causing utmost dis . . . [? disquietude] to myself and my sisters. Is there no stopping him?

FROM ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Why all this fuss about WIN[STON] CHUR[CHILL]? The world was too small for me when I was thirty, and at thirty-three he is only President of a stuffy little Board of Trade.

FROM ICARUS.

The word aeroplane is a monstrosity to Elysian ears, and the mere mention of W[ILBUR] W[RIGHT] puts me in a wax. Anyhow, no sea can ever be called after a man with such a name . . .

"E. G. P. desires clerkship in office of solicitor; willing to work and learn."—*Law Times*. Such willingness to undertake duties slightly outside the usual routine is the first secret of success.

AMERICAN BREVITIES.

Mr. HEARST denounces Senator FORAKER as a paid tool of the Standard Oil Trust.

Senator FORAKER denies the charge in a two-column letter, but retires from the political arena.

President ROOSEVELT says that BILL TAFT is a bigger man than himself—in three columns and a half.

Governor HASKELL gives Mr. HEARST the lie direct in two thousand words, and resigns.

President ROOSEVELT says ditto to Mr. HEARST in six thousand words.

Mr. BRYAN rebukes President ROOSEVELT in four columns.

President ROOSEVELT says Mr. BRYAN is a fraud in ten thousand words.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER says nothing.

"The removal from the sea shore of the bathing machines is proceeding, but large numbers still indulge in the morning sea-bath." *The Daily Telegraph*.

They often look as if they needed it.

EPITAPH ON A BORE.—He was not for a time, but for all day.

UNCLE TOM'S TRANSFER.

[N.B.—Unless readers possess exceptionally strong nerves they are warned not to peruse this harrowing story of our modern slave trade.]

AUNT CHLOE stood with smiling face as she watched UNCLE TOM demolish his tea. "Deese here openin' games gib you a mazin' appetite, honey," she observed.

UNCLE TOM (so called by the Hookerham crowd because the veteran had played for that famous First League club no fewer than three seasons) nodded assent.

AUNT CHLOE recollected something, and her face grew grave. "I hearn tell dat one ob dese Southern traders war hangin' round de Secretary's office to-day. Specs he's after some ob de young uns."

The Secretary wiped his eyes as he sat at his desk.

"Massa," said UNCLE TOM, "hain't I served you faithful for years? Hain't you trusted me to train myself? Hain't I allers been sober 'cept ob a Saturday night an' in the close season?"

"UNCLE TOM, you have," replied the Secretary; "but the club is in debt. All the directors have had their fingers in the gate-money. Chelsham has offered a thousand pounds for you. I tried to get them to take MUGGINS, JOSSER, or STARK, but they would have you. UNCLE TOM, you won't betray your old club? If you run away and we can't deliver you to Chelsham there's no dividend for our shareholders."

UNCLE TOM looked the Secretary straight in the face. "Trus' me, Massa; I'll go."

"Go?" cried LITTLE EVA. (N.B.—The Secretary's golden-haired daughter. Please don't confuse with racehorse of same name.) "Go? UNCLE TOM, surely you're not going?"

"Yes, Missee, goin' South."

The golden-haired angel burst into tears. "We're jiggered for the Cup this year," she sobbed.

"UNCLE TOM," said the Secretary, "I promise that if we've any luck at all in gates this season we'll buy you back."

* * * * *

AUNT CHLOE was too grieved for tears. "I knows what dose dratted slave-holders down South'll do," she groaned. "Dey'll wear ye out wid dere Saturday matches an' dere mid-week matches. An' dat ar 'Sidesman'—he'll be drivin', drivin' ye till ye drop. Dar'll be a jedgment on him—wantin' football three times a week. Shame on dem sellin' ye down South."

* * * * *

Out of consideration for our emotional readers we simply have to omit the scene of LITTLE EVA's death-bed. But we must state that she lay with an angelic smile on her face whilst Topsy read *The Athletic*

shoulder-charge constitutes his entire repertoire. He lacks the subtle instinct which teaches the expert when and where to trip."

The field seemed to spin round UNCLE TOM and he fell in a heap.

"Pide a thousand fer 'im," shouted the spectators; "'e'd be dear at a tanner."

* * * * *

When UNCLE TOM revived he found the Secretary of the Hookerham Club bending over him.

"UNCLE TOM, I've come to buy you back. The Tariff Reform candidate for Hookerham has given a thousand pounds to set the old club on its legs. I came here the moment we got the cheque."

UNCLE TOM's face brightened for a moment, then he sighed. "No, Massa, I'm done for football now. I don't blame dem—not eben Massa 'Sidesman.' Poor fellow, he knew no better. I forgive dem all. But listen, Massa, listen."

The Secretary bent down. A smile of almost seraphic beauty passed over UNCLE TOM's face as he murmured, "Specs, Massa, it's about time I took a pub ob me own."

The Millennium.

LIONS AND LAMBS LIE DOWN TOGETHER.

ENCOURAGED by the happy conclusion of the "Book War," Mr. LEVER (so rumour goes) is about to combine with *The Daily Mail* to bring out a new soap. Mr. WALKLEY is said to contemplate collaborating with Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES in the production of an Original Comedy; and a hope has been expressed that the Bishop of HEREFORD will see his way to take the chair at the next meeting of the Licensed Victuallers.

The Cats of the "Argonaut."

SEVEN cats, each with nine lives, perished at the sinking of the *Argonaut*; and we understand that the severest restraint had to be put upon a sub-editor of one of our most strenuous Evening Papers to prevent his issuing the following poster:—

"ARGONAUT" FOUNDERS.

LOSS OF 63 LIVES.



[The *Daily Graphic*, in a review of *The Romance of Modern Geology*, speaks of the coming of Man, and "that mysterious distinction which places him apart from and above the lower members of the animal kingdom."]

Lord of Creation (after reading passage). "EAR! EAR! BRAVO, 'DAILY GRAPHIC-HIC!' I'VE OF'N NOTISHED THAT MYSITERISH D'ISTINCHELM."

News aloud. (Again we beg readers not to confuse golden-haired angel with racehorse of same name. Racehorses are too intelligent to take an interest in Soccer.)

* * * * *

UNCLE TOM was panting in mid-field, worn out by the exertion of two matches a week. He had done his best, but he had just failed to trip the opposition centre-forward at a critical moment. He knew that this slip would entail awful chastisement. In the press-box he could see "Sidesman" take up his fountain-pen, and could easily guess what would appear in print:—"UNCLE TOM once more displayed his lack of adaptation to the scientific requirements of modern football. A crude



SOME PROMISING STUDENTS OF "VOICE CONTROL."

"The course of lectures and classes upon 'Voice Production and the Management of the Voice,' which will be held this session under the auspices of the University Extension Board, form part of the complete training course for lecturers, but will also be found extremely useful by all who wish to secure perfect control over their voices."—(*Daily Paper*.)

TURNED TABLES.

[The Paris correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* recently recorded a sad story of an accident to a motor-car, caused by three women who on the approach of the car refused to move from the middle of the road. The obstinacy of these pedestrians resulted in the car being thrown into a ditch.]

OUR Special Correspondent in the South-East wires:—A daring burglary took place the night before last in Pickle Alley, off the New Cut, at the residence of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, a well-known inhabitant of that quarter. Mr. SIKES occupies the front room on the second floor of No. 6. His profession keeps him employed until the early hours of the morning, and, on his arrival home about 3.15 a.m. yesterday, he was amazed to find that his room had been entered and rifled of the most valuable contents, including a very pretty set of tools which Mr. SIKES uses in his work. Mr. SIKES, with great presence of mind, rushed to the window and blew a police whistle, and a number of members of the force quickly assembled. But the burglar had got clean away with the swag. The only clue to his identity was a pocket-handkerchief, with a monogram surmounted by a coronet.

We understand that the next number of the *Art Journal* will contain a criticism, by the President of the Royal Academy, of the pictures in *The Tailor and Cutter*.

On Friday last a pretty incident was witnessed in Whitehall. As a short, sturdily-built gentleman with a bowler hat and a grey beard was cautiously picking his way across the wide thoroughfare, a little golden-headed child rushed out from the throng of people, and, snatching him from beneath the front hoofs of a pair of dray horses, carried him in safety to the pavement. There, patting his head with a kindly smile, she went on her way as if nothing had happened. The gentleman was none other than Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P., President of the Local Government Board!

More Romance of a Sub-editor's Life.

"Yesterday at one o'clock, two young brothers named William and Jack Brady were playing along the side of the cargo boat Carrick Lee, when Jack, who is about six years of age, fell in. Constable 11B brought the little fellow home to his parents."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"A plucky rescue from drowning took place near the Custom House yesterday afternoon. Two brothers named William and John Brady were playing by the river side when John, who is aged about four, accidentally fell into the Liffey. Constable Kyle (127 C) took the boy to Jervis Street Hospital."—*Freeman's Journal* (same column).

If you do not care about either of these we shall be glad to prepare a third account—giving the whole truth about five-year-old JOHNNY.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE BAZAAR SEASON.

Mainwaring Holt.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—The Bazaar season has set in with unusual severity. Every house I've stayed in lately has been suffering from it. First, there was Clackmannan Castle, where STELLA CLACKMANNAN made me help with her big annual bazaar for Keeping the Crofters Where They Are, or something of that sort. Oh, my dear! such a stodgy business! I do believe that everything of every kind sold at that bazaar, from warm gowns and mauds to bonbonnières and powder-boxes, was made of Scotch plaid. The Scotch are certainly the most monotonous people on the face of the earth. That's what's the matter with them. And they're something else too. They all wanted their proper change, if you please, even when I was selling!

I offered to put a little life into the affair by getting up some side-shows and a *café-chantant*, and was quite willing to sing some coon songs or do a clog-dance, or "anything to oblige," but STELLA said they wouldn't understand or approve of it. She was quite sure, however, that if I would give a recitation from BURNS it would be *very much liked*! Fancy, you know! Why, I only know one line of BURNS, "My name's MacSOMETHING. On the Grampian Hills—" Then I offered to tell fortunes in a witch's cave, as I've often done so successfully, but STELLA said she was afraid that would hardly do either, for most of them had the second-sight. Second-sight, indeed! The *first* sight of them was enough for me! I never like STELLA so little as when she and the DUKE (BROTHER, as the natives call him rather familiarly) are doing the feudal at Clackmannan Castle. As I said to her one day, "When I'm at Clackmannan I shall leave off calling you STELLA, for you don't twinkle a little bit." Then a terrible old piper marches round the dinner table every night, making a most out-

rageous noise on the bagpipes with a thing called "The Blairs will live for ever," or some nonsense of that kind, and expecting to be *complimented* instead of turned out of the place. I was taken to dinner one night, for my sins, by that old terror, THE MACSOMPH. I chatted to him in my own way (which *some* people have been kind enough to call *inimitable*), but couldn't strike a spark out of him; so at last I shut up and let him take the floor. And he *did* take it,

me a family tragedy in which one of his horrible ancestors had got what I'm sure he thoroughly deserved two or three hundred years ago!

I went to the MIDDLESCHIRE'S next, and of course there was another bazaar. I must say LALA MIDDLESCHIRE looked rather nice the day she opened it. It was in aid of one of her pet Causes, the League for Being Benevolent to Birds and Considerate to Fishes, and she was in cloth of the new shade of brown (*dead joys*), trimmed with baby-owl; her toque was entirely composed of love-birds' breasts, with an egret at the left side.

This, you must know, *chérie*, is *emphatically* a feather autumn. People are trying to outdo each other in sporting rare and *voyant* feathers. Among the things I've ordered for the Newmarket Second October are a flamingo toque, boa and muff, that I think will fairly knock 'em. To give them the proper brightness and softness the feathers have to be taken off the poor flamingo while it's still alive, I believe. Of course it's a horrid necessity—but it *is* a necessity, and that's all about it.

It was at the MIDDLESCHIRE'S that I heard of FLUFFY THISTLEDOWN'S new departure. She's been resting since that cruel case came to an end, trying to get over the strain of it. Then she had an offer from the Syndicate Halls, and has just come out at the Magnificent as a *chanteuse*. I ran up to town for her first appearance. The place was crammed—and all to see her. She wore a dear

little white baby frock and big white baby bonnet, and sang, "Would oo like to tiss me?" in quite professional style, winking, and making love to the boxes, you know, just like DOLLY DOODLES. I'd no idea she had so much talent. She's quite charmed with her new life. She has a cosy little flat near Charing Cross, and is trying to forget the wretched past, poor little woman. During their whole married life, Sir GEORGE never understood her or had the least consideration for her.

When I got to the MAINWARINGS'



"Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?"

"Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."

my dear, and something over. Prose, prose—growl, growl. Of course I didn't listen. I turned my attention to what they were saying at the other side of the table, and thought I had more than done my duty when, at a pause in the prosing and growling, I threw in a laugh and "That was awfully good." It didn't quite fit, however. He turned a small, angry eye on me and said severely, "Ye think it a matter to laugh at, leddy, that the head of the MacSOMPH should have perished in that awful way?" It seemed he'd been telling



Mrs. Jenkins (returned from a visit to London). "AY, THAT LUNNON 'S A WONDERFUL PLACE! WHAT WIT THE 'ORSE BUSES AND THE MOTELY BUSES, AND THE 'LECTRIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS! AN' NOW I'VE COMED AWAY, I EXPECTS IT'S ALL GOIN' ON JUST THE SAME!"

(where I still am) I was resigned to the inevitable. I simply said, "When's your bazaar, and what's it for?" And what d'you suppose it was for, my dear? You know the MAINWARINGS are rather extreme in their views, and the bazaar was to provide funds for bringing over a shipload of destitute aliens who want old-age pensions! I said that as I didn't altogether approve the object of the bazaar I wouldn't take a prominent part in it; so I merely helped in the cigar divan, and acted with JACK MAINWARING and PIGGY DE LACY in a little French playlet, *Le bel amant et le mari ridicule*.

I motored over yesterday to Old-aces to see CYNTHIA HAVILLAND and the kiddy. She was cuddling it and cooing to it in the most *ricky* manner. She's quite swamped and submerged in domesticity. I call it *really sad*, for she was beginning to make a bit of a name socially. "Isn't my angel lovely?" she said. "Kiss him, BLANCHE." "By-and-by, my dear," I answered; "I don't care about kissing them when they're so very young." "Oh, you hard-hearted woman!" she wailed. Then

she went on making plans about "the angel's" future—how he's to go into Parliament and make a great name. "Don't worry about that," I told her. "By the time that small bundle of screams is a man there won't be any Parliament, or anything else. The Socialists will have turned everything upside down, and very likely we shall all be cave-dwellers!"

And having cheered her up in this way I left her.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MATINÉE MACHINERY.

ON the prickly subject of the matinée hat Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM has said to an evening paper, "I expect an automatic solution." He need not be disappointed; he has only to come to terms with our pet inventor, and his theatre can be fitted to-morrow with either of the following patents:—

1. The Automatic Seat-Raiser. The invention is attached to each stall. A shilling in the slot will shoot the stall high above all obstructions—too high to interfere with the view from the pit, not high enough to bother

the dress-circle. A second fitting will be supplied to meet any cussedness on the part of an obstructionist. If a lady who is no lady insists on following the obstructed up towards the ceiling by placing a shilling in the slot of her stall, the obstructed can, by inserting yet another shilling in a secret slot at the back of her stall, send her down to earth again, where she must remain, for the stall could not again be raised until an expert had "set" it for the next performance.

2. The Automatic Seat-Sinker. A second invention, again on the shilling-in-the-slot principle, is one by which the stall of an obstructionist can be suddenly dropped through a trap-door well below the floor of the theatre. The opening will be large enough to let any wearer through; the hat will remain above the floor, however, for the obstructed to put his feet on.

"Professor Ramsay asked and got leave to plant dwarf ewes at the entrance."—*Alyth Guardian*.

It would be difficult to think of a more appropriate man for the job.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's new book, *The Great Miss Driver* (METHUEN), shows the sound, solid craftsmanship which one has long learned to associate with his best work. But I have one or two grounds of quarrel with him. He builds up for us, with very conscientious pains, the character of a young girl, suddenly called to the absolute ownership of a large estate, who has a cool head for business, and can make a very clear map of her projected progress as a social figure in the county; who is described as acting at times on what appears to be sudden impulse but is really the considered result of an elaborate plan of attack in which she has kept open a way of escape; and then, when the great crisis comes which is to test her character, she behaves like the most foolish and flighty and irresponsible of women. Again, we are never allowed to recognise for ourselves the attractions of the man whose mistress she becomes. That he must have had a compelling charm we gather from the almost hypnotic influence he exerted over her. But the author permits us to see very little of his nature, except the brutal, overbearing side of it; and this makes her escapade the more inexplicable. For the rest, the story is told with great distinction, though the interest suffers from a severe hiatus in the middle during the long retirement of the protagonist into obscurity; and the fresh start which she makes on her return is not without a suspicion of anticlimax.

Mr. HOPE's style is here, as always, marked by a nice gift for analytic reasoning, as clear as it is subtle; but this virtue has its own defect, which shows in a tendency to arrest the rhythm of a period for the sake of a parenthetical phrase introduced to modify the argument. The title of the book might, perhaps, have been more effective. If he had to name his heroine after a golf-club, he should have also taken into consideration her enormous income and called her "The Great Miss Brassey."

We know Dr. FITCHETT as one who fulfils

With quite a remarkable meed of success

The function of gilding historical pills

By decking them out in a readable dress.

And now he's combining his facts with romance

In a novel entitled *A Pawn in the Game*;

It deals with the great revolution in France,

And Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, they publish the same.

The pawn is an Englishman flung by the Fates

Into most of the fun that is flying about;

It's fact that provides him with desperate straits,

And fiction that finds him a way to get out.

The venture's success is not wholly assured,
For the history part, which is wise and sedate,
Has not, as it should have done, always secured
A dignified pose in its fictional mate.

If you were to mention the name of CHESTERTON to an ordinary person he would reply, "Oh, you mean that paradox fellow. I can't stand a man who spends all his time trying to prove that black is white." You would know from this that he had never read a line of Mr. CHESTERTON's; you would explain gently that Mr. CHESTERTON had never said black was white, only that one man's black was often another man's white—a very different thing; and you would start him on some of the lighter essays

of G. K. C. In a little while he would begin to like the author, and he would want to read more. He would read more, and then he would discover Mr. CHESTERTON's weaknesses—as, for example, that he could never resist the elementary verbal joke; moreover, he would be annoyed with a man who seemed so ready with his opinion on every topic under, or even above, the sun. He would probably hate Mr. CHESTERTON. . . . Well, I did, anyhow. But I persevered; and after a further course of him, which has just ended with *All Things Considered* (METHUEN), *Orthodoxy* (LANE) and an anonymous and excellent criticism of him published by ALSTON RIVERS, I am definitely on the side of the angels. So I recommend these three books without hesitation to his admirers, and (so long as they take *All Things Considered* first) with but slight misgivings to those who have not yet learnt to appreciate him.



Patron of Promenade Concerts (anxious for expert advice). "SERGEANT, DO YOU THINK THIS ITEM IS WORTH WAITING FOR?"

Interplay (METHUEN) is the title which BEATRICE HARRADEN has chosen for her last book, and an interplay apparently is a kind of drama that doesn't need any plot to speak of. For all that, the piece is an uncommonly good

one, and the characters are interesting and likable enough to compensate for the lack of stirring adventure. There is a lady steeped in sham culture; another who is entirely genuine; a doctor who gives up half his practice because the patients are not really ill; a half-witted maker of violins; and a sea-captain who calls his fiancée "shipmate," and has only missed finding the North Pole, I gather, because the signposts in Arctic circles are so disgracefully misleading. What more can one want? And all these people react on each other in a pleasant good-natured way, and manage to point the moral that one must live one's life heartily and avoid shams. The only fault I have to find is the author's habit of giving gratuitous advertisements to things that don't really need them; for instance, the Hampstead Tube, taximeter cabs, and St. James's Park. I think one ought to be allowed to take one's chance of finding these fascinating places and objects without undue influence.